

Pencils and Books by Darkraider

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, Episode 8, How Do I Tag, Other, Sort Of, powers

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Mrs. Wheeler

Relationships: No Romantic Relationship(s)

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Summary:

Um... My version on what would have happened if I had written the script. I do like the 'out of the country' line though.

Pencils and Books

"We need to leave," Dustin panted, his chest heaving. "-right now."

"Now wait a second, young man. Why does my son need to leave? What has you all in a hurry?" Mrs. Wheeler firmly demanded.

"Crap! Mike, they're almost here! I'll get El- you tell your mom what the heck's been going on."

"Fine. Get El and get outta here. Go!" Dustin nodded and ran downstairs quickly.

Mike looked at his mom and saw anger and confusion written on her face. "Ok. A few weeks ago we found a girl in the woods. She was running. She didn't have a name but she had a number on her wrist. Like, tattooed into her skin. It was 11. She is telepathic and the ones who created her want her back but she can't go back. We managed to tick them off and they're trying kill us or worse."

"Wait. So you are telling me a fantasy? Mr, you are going to be grounded for a month if you don't tell me the truth."

"Dang it! Dustin, bring El up!" His voice got quieter. "Mom I know you probably don't believe me but listen. We know where Will is. He is in a place called 'The Upside Down'. It is basically an alternate dimension that only Eleven can see. We've heard Will."

"One small problem! She's in a some sorta freaky trance and if I get within 2 feet of her, she starts throwing pencils! For God's sake- that hurt, dang it!" Dustin shouted from below.

"Enough. I will go see this 'El' with my own eyes." With that Mrs. Wheeler began to walk downstairs where sharp pencils were being embedded in the walls. "Dang it, Eleven! Snap out of it!" Came a frustrated yell and a groan. "Oh come on. Books!" The basement door opened and she walked down the stair case, the hairs on the back of her neck standing up. When she reached the bottom she gasped in shock. There was a young girl in a pinkish-yellow dress, her dark hair cut almost like a military cut and books and pencils alike were- now

this is where her brain froze- floating around her. Her eyes were blank and her face was contorted in terror. Mike ran forward and much to her surprise, the makeshift weapons lowered.

"El! Its me. Its me, Mike, don't you remember? Don't worry. You aren't there. C'mon... Look at me. Think of me. Okay? Good..." Life returned to the girl' eyes and she slumped forward into Mike' arms. "We gotta go, Eleven. The bad men are coming. Do you want to go back to the closet?" The girl, Eleven, shook her head and climbed to her feet albeit unsteadily. "Mom, I need you to do me a favor. When they come to ask you questions, act like you're clueless. Act like you know nothing about Eleven or my involvement. Please?"

Mrs. Wheeler looked distressed before nodding slowly. "I will. Now go. There is door that is boarded up from the inside. Break it down and escape. Go!"

Mike smiled and said, "Thanks mom."

[Normal story line continues]

Author's Note:

Watched Chapter 8 and thought, "What if she was more curious?" Then this came to light.